Bloody Shirt

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Bloody Shirt

by orphan_account

Summary

Will's father is a cruel man. He is the butcher, after all.

Notes

(comes before the events in 'Butcher's Son' but it is not necessary to read the other one to understand this one)

Will let a choked noise pass his lips as his father held him up against the wall with an iron tight grip. He could feel the bruise already forming over the bruise that was already on his hip as his father pinned him to the wall of the freezer and pushed the sharp edge of the knife against his throat. It stung. His heart fluttered in his ribcage like a butterfly trying to break hold from a net.

"You little fucker," His dad hissed through gritted teeth, "What did I tell you about coming back here?" 'Here' was the south part of the freezer, where the door was padlocked. Twice. Will had been told to not go back there, but where had he gone? Right where his father had told him to. In his mind, Will thought that this seemed like a suitable reaction from his father. He wasn't a very kind man, and most of the time drank too much and made Will into his battered kid. He had shown up enough times to school with unexplainable injuries, and last time that his lip was split open the school sent a social worker over to check the situation out. Luckily for his dad, and not for Will, the social worker was one of his dad's friends so he didn't do that thorough of a check.

Will kicked his small legs, trying to have his dad let loose of him. The kicking just got the knife pressed harder on his throat, the edge cutting into it and a small line of blood trickling down his neck. Will really wouldn't have come back here due to his own fruition, but he had heard the kids at school whispering about the butcher and how his dad would kill people, not just hogs.

"I'm sorry," Will gasped. He stopped his legs from kicking, and tried to even out his breathing.

"Sorry what?" His father said. Will was humiliated. He would much rather call his father 'dad' or 'father,' or even 'mister.'

"Sorry daddy." Will whispered, not meeting his father's gaze. He could imagine his dad smiling though, and it made him very uncomfortable. His father pushed the knife a bit more, before removing it, and pulling Will to sit on his hip.

"I forgive you. Let's get you cleaned up baby boy." Will's father said, taking the boy from the freezer to their house up above the shop.

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